



FAMOUS

A WARREN MAGAZINE PDC

MONSTERS

OF FILMLAND

FAMOUS
MONSTERS
#61
JAN

**This Issue: MARK OF THE VAMPIRE - A Tale of
The Undead, featuring the Great Bela Lugosi!**





SKULLDUGGERY ape-girl smiles for joy in interplanetary "ape-ic" of same name. **JOIN** Pat Suzuki in the fun as you run scare-foot thru the pages of **FAMOUS MONSTERS** and marvel at the skullduggery afoot. (Also a-hand & ahead!)

Ackerman



THIS FOTO, as I recall, was taken at about the time of my 48th birthday (I hadn't removed my glasses for vanity's sake, I was still wearing contact lenses then), on the occasion of my first meeting with the legendary Luna of MARK OF THE VAMPIRE.

With Miss Borland is her charming daughter Anne, who at that time was modeling young girls' clothing in newspaper ads and is now pursuing a course in school that will lead to her becoming a teacher of English. Year by year she grows to look more & more like her Mother did in MARK OF THE VAMPIRE.

And in this issue our feature is Part 1 of the Filmbook on this very picture.

Incidentally, to clear up a mystery, Miss Borland tells us: "In the film credits I was listed as Carol but the actual spelling of my name is Carroll." Same as my Mother, who'll be 86-years-young this Nov. 21 and has a lifetime subscription to FAMOUS MONSTERS! Happy Birthday, Mama!

A VAMPIRE, A VAMP - AND ME

FORREST ACKERMAN



SHARING A TREASURE
 • Ed. Note—GEARY JUAN JOHNSON of Plainfield, N.J., sent a sympathy card to Mrs. Karloff shortly after her husband's death. He was honored to receive a response from her which he wishes to share with our readership. EVELYN KARLOFF'S letter follows:

Thank you so very much for your loving thoughts and sympathy in my great loss.

All these outpourings of affection and admiration and appreciation would have touched Boris as much as they have, and will continue, to comfort me.

I am so grateful for all our wonderful years together, and happy that so many feel that they have shared in them with us.

THIS ISSUE dedicated to NATHALIE GEBARSKI, the nicest girl in Oconomowoc (that's Cowomonoco spelled backward) and the Whizz Kid of Wisconsin. Blessed with the best imagination of any girl in her community, this teenage (15) filmmonster fan is the kind of supporter every editor dreams of—intelligent, eager, dedicated. Establishing a new record for enthusiasm, she babysat for 15 hours and helped her Mother another 10 in order to afford a telephone call to California to talk to me 35 minutes about the magazine & movie monster field. I also spoke with her Mother and, in dedicating this issue to NATHALIE, we at FAMOUS MONSTERS also extend congratulations to MRS. GEBARSKI on having such a remarkable young lady for a daughter. NATHALIE doesn't go for drinking, dragging on coffin nails (cigarettes) or digging the drug scene. All parents should be so lucky; all young people should be so sensible.—Ferry Ackerman

WANTED! More Readers Like



JERRY BROOKINGS

ANOTHER WHO CARED FOR KARLOFF
 I am writing to express my appreciation for your BK memorial edition. This was probably the best of all your 60-odd issues. The editorial part was very moving, every letter was good, the cover was superb and the Filmbook great. I would also like to thank the various stars & personalities who kindly gave their time to comment on the greatest monster personality of all time (rivalled only by Lon Chaney Sr.)

The greatest part of the whole issue was the pictures. I had seen very few of them before. They made it an issue I will cherish forever. But the greatest part of the entire editorial section was "The Last Act of Boris Karloff" in the surprise return of the long-dead Graveyard Examiner (this factor alone may raise FM to a greater pinnacle of glory than it has ever reached before). This article brought tears to my eyes as it described the last few months of Boris Karloff's acting career. Bill Warren is a writer to watch out for!

KEITH DICKINSON
 Sault Sainte Marie, Mich.

WANTED! More Readers Like



ERIC JOHNSON

THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA



By Talented 12-Year-Old
 GARY HELLANO

WANTED! More Readers Like



ROCHELLE O'NEIL

CONTRIBUTIONS submitted for publication should include Name & Address on each Letter & Drawing. The editor would LIKE to hear from YOU and to see a FOTO of each writer (please PRINT your name on back of picture). Write to:

Fang Mail Dept.
 FAMOUS MONSTERS
 22 East 42nd St.
 New York, N.Y. 10017

HURRAY FOR



NATHALIE GEBARSKI

LOVE LETTER

When I was about 8, I bought my first FM. It was love at first sight. As I grew up, I found that FM also matured. I can recall with fondness the times I would run (literally) to the store to see if the new issue had arrived. I remember those wonderful articles, ROCKET TO THE RUE MORQUE, MENACE ANYONE?, and those fantastic Filmbooks KING KONG, BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN, THE HUNCHBACK, and of course THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA. In short, your publication was probably the biggest influence on my younger years.

I am now a freshman English major in college.

EO NAHA
 Linden, N.J.

FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND

JAMES WARREN

Founder & Publisher

FORREST J ACKERMAN

Editor-in-Chief

RICHARD CONWAY

Assistant Publisher

BRILL & WALDSTEIN

Art Direction

NANCY NIEMAN

Managing Editor

GREG BAZAZ

Graveyard Examiner

WALT DAUGHERTY

Special Photography

ANNE GANLEY

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OUR COVER:

Peter Green created a quiet scene from Mark Of The Vampire showing Bela Lugosi and Carroll Borland watching over — Editor Ackerman??



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FILMONSTERS OF TOMORROW

beware the screen fiends of the future!



The Mankey Maiden of SKULLDUGGERY and the Life Mask used to Create Her Make-up on. (Universal 1969.)

lee & cushing

Not since the Golden Era of the Silver Screen, when Karloff & Lugosi took turns menacing each other, has there been such a popular terror team as Christopher Lee & Peter Cushing.

Every new appearance together of this beautiful British pair is welcomed by fans from England to America.

Lee by himself, as a seasick vampire in *THE MAGIC CHRISTIAN*, is good news enough, but—Lee & Cushing together again!

In the same film! (In different films it would be more difficult.)

He (Lee) as Dracula . . .

Cushing as Frankenstein.

You'll see it happen—before your very eyes!—when Sammy Davis Jr. & Peter Lawford repeat their roles as Salt & Pepper (from the previous picture of the same name) and Cushing & Lee “do their thing” in cameos of the roles they have made most famous.

the bradford report

Mark A. Bradford takes a look at the brandnew & near future horror flicks and here's what he has to say: The “all-scar” cast of *DESTROY ALL MONSTERS* include Godzilla, Mothra, Rodan & Manda, each of whom have somehow managed to sustain earlier destruction derbies on their own. There are assorted “ghost” appearances by Ghi-

dorah, Tadzilla (what Ackerman calls the Son of Godzilla), a giant spider and other monstrosities. Godzilla invades New York, Rodan razes Moscow, Manda levels London and Mothra pulverizes Peking. Otherwise all quiet on the Eastern front.

THE HAND OF NIGHT is a horror import shot on N. African locales. Starring Wm. Sylvester (of “2001”), it features a female vampire. Blood, actors & backgrounds all in color.

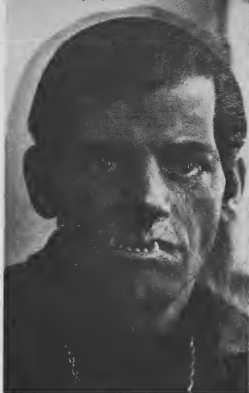
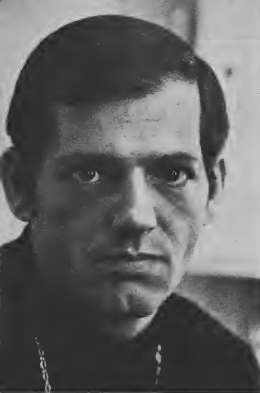
THE WITCH is a kind of Italian *ROSEMARY'S BABY* involving black magic.

EYE OF THE CAT from Universal is a fantastic feline suspensory involving superstitions about the fur-purr creatures, with screenplay by Jos. Stefano who scripted Hitchcock's *PSYCHO*.

BENEATH THE PLANET OF THE APES—the original garnered John Chambers, well-known to *F&M* readers, a special Academy Award for make-up—is scheduled for release in Apr. '70.

You'll need a strong stomach (or weak mind) when you see *THE MAD DOCTOR OF BLOOD ISLAND* (believed to be with John Carradine) co-billed with *THE BLOOD DEMON* for, upon entering the theater, you will be handed a small packet of “green blood” and invited to join the actors on the screen in drinking same, which guarantees that both you & they can “never turn into green-blooded monsters.”

In November we're scheduled to be treated by AIP & Roger Corman to HPLovecraft's creepy classic, *DUNWICH*. Early in the New Year you



Transformation of Man into Wolfman. Stuntman Alex Stevens undergoing Lyconthropic Change to become the Werewolf of **DARK SHADOWS**.

will scream & scream again at **SCREAM & SCREAM AGAIN** with Vincent Price & Christopher Lee.

BLOOD OF DRACULA'S CASTLE stars John Carradine and co-stars Paula Raymond, who was once menaced by **THE BEAST FROM 20,000 FATHOMS**. This one's in color, as is its companion feature, **NIGHTMARE IN WAX** with Cameron Mitchell, formerly of **FACE OF FIRE** and **FLIGHT TO MARS**. (End of Bradford Report.)

preview: the hot one

JOURNEY TO THE FAR SIDE OF THE SUN is the one originally announced as **DOPPELGANGERS**. It's a Universal release, in Technicolor, of a 21st century astronautic adventure involving such well-known names as Roy Thinnes, Patrick Wymark and Herbert Lom.

When a new planet is discovered hidden behind the sun, Glenn Ross (Thinnes), one of next century's most famous interplanetary fliers, and John Kane, rocket designer & space travel authority, are chosen to man the solar flight.

Jason Webb (Wymark) heads the project from the ground and launches a crash program to prepare Ross & Kane for the space probe.

The future is excitingly pictured as a multi-gadget world of mini-videophones worn on the wrist, cardiac monitors & ultra-sophisticated security apparatus.

When Ross & Kane take off for the sun, they are put into a condition of half-sleep so that time passes quickly for them on the 6-week trip while they are manipulated, almost like puppets on a string, from Earthbase.

All goes well till the landing on the new planet when both men are hurt as their craft crashes. They are rescued by a strange hovering space machine with a Mondolian at its controls. Both men pass out.

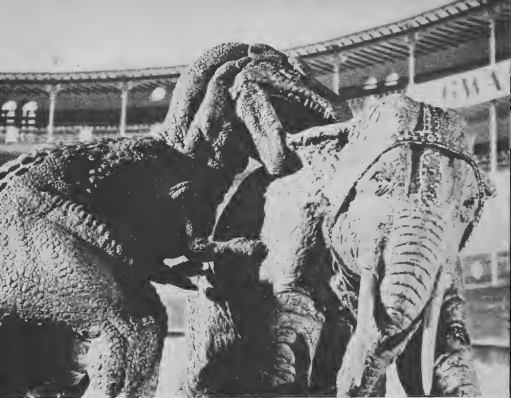
When they awaken, they are surprised to find themselves back at the rocket project base where their flight began. To add to their confusion, they find themselves accused of sabotaging the mission by returning to earth only 3 weeks after they left.



The Change Complete. Man, Wolf, those really are DARK SHADOWS!



Unidentified Foto from New Mummy Film. No Doubt We'll Find Out Before Long—and Probably from a Reader of This Magazine!



Tough Old Elephant takes a Hiding from GWANGI as Angry Dinosaur takes Jumbo Bite out of Elephant's Hide.

Without ever solving the mystery, Ken dies of his burns.

Then a strange thing begins to become evident to Ross: everything he looks at appears *backward*! Rooms—writing—even his image in the mirror!

We won't spoil the mystery of it for you: see the picture and learn the solution yourself.

spirits of the dead

In *Metzengerstein*, Jane Fonda creates a kind of equine (horsey) Frankenstein when she causes the death by fire of a man she half hates, half loves, and he returns to haunt her and rive her to her own fiery death—he in the form of a strange great horse. In *William Wilson*, Alain Delon is driven to his death by a diabolical man with his own face. And in *Toby Dammit*, Terence Stamp learns to his horror that you should "never bet your head with the Devil." These 3 episodes by Poe comprise the color (and colorful) AIP picture called **SPIRITS OF THE DEAD**.

LIBRARY OF THE LIVING DEAD by Stuart J. Byrne is scheduled for production. In it, the in-

explicable appearance of a rash of monsters throws a big city into panic. Weird malformed creatures of all sorts do all kinds of curious things: steal jewelry, kidnap strong men—and weak men! (terminal cancer patients). The answer lies in the macabre "library" of Dr. Maldonado, an eerie *lapse* which reduces people to energy patterns and records them. Further, Dr. Maldonado, while making playbacks, can "mix" animals in with the human patterns thru his computer thus producing *custom-made monsters* to do his bidding!

A new company specializing in horror pictures, VIP, will produce. Watch for further developments, first fotos, in these pages. Companion picture scheduled for first fiendish package is same Stu Byrne's **WORLD OF TERROR**.

From plesiosaurs (long-necked dinosaurs inhabiting the prehistoric waters) to aero-soarers (zeppelins), **RAIDERS OF THE STONE RINGS** will be packed with all manner of things exciting to animation fans, "including," scripter & model-maker David Allen tells us, "a ferocious race of lizard-men!"

PART I

FROM ANOTHER WORLD

You are about to read a specially condensed version of an authentic science-horror-suspense classic. Perhaps for the first time, perhaps for the 5th—people do read and re-read "Who Goes There?"; have done ever since it first shocked a couple hundred thousand readers in the pages of Astounding Science-Fiction back in August of 1938. Since then it's been anthologized in hard covers and soft, translated into foreign languages ("Wer Da?") and — of course—made into a real monster movie.

THE THING. THE THING FROM ANOTHER WORLD. It leapt upon a startled world of filmgoers 10 years ago in 1951.

Its author had his first sci-fi story published in 1930. For the past quarter century he has been editing Astounding Science-Fiction, which periodical last year changed its name to Analog Science, Fact & Fiction.



JOHN W. CAMPBELL JR., Sire of Inspired Monster, THE THING

He is the only individual who has ever been triple-time selected as Guest of Honor of the annual World S.F. Conventions. He edited 39 numbers of a no longer published, still lamented treasure trove of weird, supernatural, offtrail and unusual tales called Unknown Worlds. In the pages of the latter Merlinesque magazine appeared stories selected by Campbell destined for

TV and films: "Cartwright's Camera" by Nelson Bond, "Conjure Wife" by Fritz Leiber Jr.; reprints for Zacherley collections such as "The Witch" and "The Ghost" by AE van Vogt, "He Didn't Like Cats" by L. Ron Hubbard; and monstrosously entertaining works which may yet reach the TV or the cinema screen, spleen-freezers by Robert Bloch, Robert Arthur, Cleve Cartmill, Henry Kuttner, Jack Williamson — even John W. Campbell Jr. himself behind his mask of Don A. Stuart!

THE PLACE STANK heavily with a queer, mingled stench that only the ice-buried cabins of an Antarctic camp know. And somehow, thru all that reek of human beings and their associates — dogs, machines and cooking—came another taint. It was a queer, neck-ruffling thing, a faintest suggestion of an odor alien among the smells of industry and life. It was a *life-smell*.

It came from the thing that lay bound with cord and tarpaulin on the table, dripping slowly, methodically onto the heavy planks, dank and gaunt under the unshielded glare of the electric light.

The biologist of the expedition twitched nervously at the wrappings, exposing clear, dark ice beneath and then pulling the tarpaulin back into place restlessly.

Commander Garry stepped toward the table. His eyes traced around the men sardined into the Administration Building. He nodded. "Thirty-seven. All here." His voice was low, yet carried the clear authority of the commander by nature.

"You know the outline of the story back of that find of the Secondary Pole Expedition. I am going to ask Second-in-Command McReady to give you the details."



Aboard the Polar Plane. Destination: Danger!

The Crew Members disembark, head for the site of the Strange Disturbance.



McReady was a figure from some forgotten myth, a living bronze statue. Six feet four inches he stood. "Norris and Blair agree on one thing, that animal we found was not—terrestrial in origin. Norris fears there may be danger in that; Blair says there is none.

"From all that was known before we came here, it appeared that this point was exactly over the South Magnetic Pole of Earth. The compass does point straight down here, as you all know. The more delicate instruments of the physicists detected a secondary, less powerful magnetic influence about 80 miles southwest of here. The Secondary Magnetic Expedition went out to investigate it. It was not the huge meteorite or magnetic mountain Norris expected. From the surface indications, the secondary pole we found was small, so small that the magnetic effect it had was preposterous. No magnetic material conceivable could have that effect. Soundings thru the ice indicated it was within 100' of the glacier surface.

"It's been frozen there since Antarctica froze 20 million years ago. There never has been a thaw there.

"What we believe happened was about like this. Something came down out of space, a ship driven and lifted by forces men haven't discovered yet, and somehow—perhaps something went wrong then—the ship struck solid granite head-on, and cracked up. Not every one of the passengers in it was killed, but the ship must have been ruined.

"One of its passengers stepped out. The wind we saw there never fell below 41 and the temperature never rose above minus 60. Then—the wind must have been stronger. And there was drift falling in a solid sheet. The *thing* was lost completely in ten paces."

Kinner, the little scar-faced cook, winced. Five days ago he had stepped out to the surface to reach a cache of frozen beef. He had reached it, started back—and the driftwind leaped out of the south. Cold, white death that streamed across the ground blinded him in 20 seconds. He stumbled on wildly in circles. It was half an hour before rope-guided men from below found him.

It was easy for man—or *thing*—to get lost in 10 paces.

"And the drift-wind then was probably more impenetrable than we know. The passenger of the ship wasn't prepared either, it appears. It froze within 10' of the ship.

"We dug down to find the ship, and our tunnel happened to find the frozen—animal. Barclay's ice-ax struck its skull.

"When Blair and Copper came, we cut out the animal in a block of ice.

"Van Wall flew in from Big Magnet at sunup, as you know. We came home as soon as possible. That is the history of—that."

McReady's great bronze beard gestured toward the thing on the table.



The Thermal Charge is set and . . . blast!





Preparing a Gasoline Bath to make things hot for The Thing.



Fin of a Flying Soucer frozen beneath the icy surface.

TO THAW OR NOT TO THAW

Blair stirred uneasily, his little, bony fingers wriggling under the harsh light. He pulled aside a bit of the tarpaulin and looked impatiently at the dark ice-bound thing inside.

McReady's big body straightened somewhat. He'd ridden the rocking, jarring steam tractor 40 miles that day, pushing on to Big Magnet here. It was lone and quiet, out there in Secondary Camp, where a wolf-wind howled down from the Pole. Wolf-wind howling in his sleep—winds droning and the evil, unspeakable face of that monster leering up as he'd first seen it thru clear blue ice, with a bronze ice-ax buried in its skull.

The giant meteorologist spoke again. "The problem is this. Blair wants to examine the thing. Thaw it out and make micro slides of its tissues and so forth. Norris doesn't believe that is safe, and Blair does. Dr. Copper agrees pretty much with Blair. Norris is a physicist, of course, not a biologist. But he makes a point I think we should all hear. Blair has described the microscopic life-forms biologists find living, even in this cold and inhospitable place. They freeze every winter, and thaw every summer—for 3 months—and live.

"The point Norris makes is—they thaw and live again." If McReady was a man of bronze, Norris was all steel. His movements, his thoughts, his whole bearing had the quick, hard impulse of a steel spring. His nerves were steel—hard, quick-acting—swift corroding.

He was decided on his point now, and he lashed out in its defense. "Blair, let them see the monstrosity you are petting over there. Let them see the foul thing and decide for themselves whether they want that thing thawed out in this camp.

"That's got to be thawed out in one of the shacks tonight, if it is thawed out. Who's watchman tonight? Oh, Connant. Well, you get to sit up with that 20 million-year-old mummy. Unwrap it, Blair. How can they tell what they're buying if they can't see it? If you can judge by the look on its face—it isn't human so maybe you can't—it was annoyed when it froze. Annoyed, in fact, is just about as close an approximation of the way it felt as crazy, mad, insane hatred.

"How can these birds tell what they are voting on? They haven't seen *those three red eyes* and *that blue hair like crawling worms*! It's crawling there in the ice right now!

"Nothing Earth ever spawned had the unutterable devastating wrath that thing let loose in its face when it looked around its frozen desolation 20 million years ago. Mad? It was mad clear thru—searing, blistering mad!

"I've had bad dreams ever since I looked at those three red eyes! Nightmares. Dreaming the thing thawed out and came to life—that it wasn't dead, or even wholly unconscious all those 20 million years, but just slowed, waiting



The Spores from Outer Space, growing, growing, into —what? Plant People from Another Planet?



Has the Radarscope gone mad?

—waiting. You'll dream, too, while that thing that Earth wouldn't own is dripping, dripping in the Cosmos House tonight.

"And, Connant," Norris whipped toward the cosmic ray specialist, "won't you have fun sitting up all night in the quiet. Wind whining above—and that thing dripping—You'll have nightmares for a year to come. Every night since I looked at that thing I've had 'em. That's why I hate it. I had some swell nightmares—that it wasn't made like we are but of a different kind of flesh that it can really control. That it can change its shape, and look like a man—and wait to kill and eat—

"That's not a logical argument. I know it isn't. The thing isn't Earth-logic anyway.

"Maybe it has an alien body chemistry, and maybe its bugs do have a different body chemistry. A germ might not stand that, but, Blair and Copper, how about a virus? And how are you so sure that, of the million varieties of microscopic life it may have, none of them are dangerous? And plain rot—gangrene—necrosis if you want? That isn't choosy about body chemistry!"

Blair met Norris's angry gray eyes for an instant. "So far the only thing you

have said this thing gave off that was catching was dreams. I'll go so far as to admit that. I had some, too. So, it's dream-infectious. No doubt an exceedingly dangerous malady.

"So far as your other things go, you have a badly mistaken idea about viruses." "Well, thaw the blasted thing in a tub of Formalin if you must."

"And I've said there would be no sense in it. You can't compromise. I could no more study the life this thing once had from a Formalin-pickled sample than you could get the information you wanted back in New York. And—if this one is so treated, never in all time to come can there be a duplicate! The race it came from must have passed away in the 20 million years it lay frozen, so that even if it came from Mars then, we'd never find its like. And the ship is gone.

"There's only one way to do this—it must be thawed slowly, carefully, and not in Formalin."

Commander Garry said: "I think Blair is right, gentlemen. What do you say?" A general agreement rippled over the group. Garry suggested, "Connant, you look capable of taking care of it."

Connant shook himself uneasily. "I'm not worrying about ghosts. Let's see that

thing. I—"

Eagerly Blair was stripping back the ropes. A single throw of the tarpaulin revealed the thing. The ice had melted somewhat in the heat of the room, and it was clear and blue as thick, good glass. It shone wet and sleek under the harsh light of the unshielded globe above.

The room stiffened abruptly. It was face up there on the plain, greasy planks of the table. The broken half of the bronze ice-ax was still buried in the queer skull. Three mad, hate-filled eyes blazed up with a living fire, bright as fresh-spilled blood, from a face ringed with a writhing, loathsome nest of worms, blue, mobile worms that crawled where hair should grow—

Van Wall, 6 feet and 200 pounds of ice-nerved pilot, gave a queer, strangled gasp, and baited, stumbled his way out to the corridor. Half the company broke for the doors. The others stumbled away from the table.

DIFFERENT—BUT EVIL?

Connant's deep-set eyes turned to the red-eyed thing Blair was chipping from its cocoon of ice. "I know that cosmic ray shack's going to be too crowded if I have to sit up with that thing," he growled.

Commander Garry laid a restraining hand on his shoulder. "Wait a minute, Connant. I agree that there is going to be no thawing of this thing if there is the remotest chance of its revival. I quite agree it is much too unpleasant to have alive."

Dr. Copper said: "Blair's being technical. That's dead. As dead as the mammoths they find frozen in Siberia. We have all sorts of proof that things don't live after being frozen—not even fish, generally speaking—and no proof that higher animal life can under any circumstances. What's the point, Blair?"

"The point is," he said in an injured tone, "that the individual cells might show the characteristics they had in life if it is properly thawed. A man's muscle cells live many hours after he has died. Just because they live, and a few things like hair and fingernail cells still live, you wouldn't accuse a corpse of being a zombie, or something."

"Now if I thaw this right, I may have a chance to determine what sort of world it's native to. We don't and can't know by any other means, whether it came from Earth or Mars or Venus or from beyond the stars."

"And just because it looks unlike men, you don't have to accuse it of being evil or vicious or something. Maybe that expression on its face is its equivalent to a resignation to fate. White is the color of mourning to the Chinese. If men can have different customs, why can't a so-different race have different understandings of facial expressions?"

Connant laughed softly, mirthlessly. "Peaceful resignation! If that is the best it could do in the way of resignation, I should exceedingly dislike seeing it when it was looking mad. That face was never designed to express peace. It just didn't have any philosophical thoughts like peace in its make-up."

"I know it's your pet—but be sane about it. That thing grew up on evil,

adolesced slowly roasting alive the local equivalent of kilnens, and amused itself thru maturity on new and ingenious torture."

"You haven't the slightest right to say that," snapped Blair. "How do you know the first thing about the meaning of a facial expression inherently inhuman? It may well have no human equivalent whatever. That is just a different development of Nature, another example of Nature's wonderful adaptability. Growing on another, perhaps harsher world, it has different form and features. But it is just as much a legitimate child of Nature as you are. You are displaying that childish human weakness of hating the different. On its own world it would probably class you as a fish-belly, white monstrosity with an insufficient number of eyes and fangoid body pale and bloated with gas."

"Just because its nature is different, you haven't any right to say it's necessarily evil."

Norris burst out with a single, explosive, "Haw!" He looked down at the thing. "May be that things from other worlds don't have to be evil just because they're different. But that thing was Child of Nature, eh? Well, it was an evil Nature."

"Aw, will you mugs cut crabbing at each other and get the thing off my table?" Kinmer growled. "And put a canvas over it."

"I'm not afraid of its face," Connant snapped. "I don't like keeping a wake over its corpse particularly, but I'm going to do it."

THE MONSTER LIVES AGAIN

Connant went to the stove and picked up the coal tongs. The beast had been thawing for nearly 18 hours now. He poked at it with an unconscious caution; the flesh was no longer hard as armor plate but had assumed a rubbery texture. It looked like wet blue rubber glistening under droplets of water like little round jewels in the glare of the gasoline pressure lantern. Connant felt an unreasoning desire to pour the contents of the lamp's reservoir over the thing in its box and drop his cigaret into it. The 3 red eyes glared up at him sightlessly, the ruby eyelids reflecting murky, smoky rays of light.

He realized vaguely that he had been looking at them for a very long time, even vaguely understood that they were no longer sightless. But it did not seem of importance, of no more importance than the labored, slow motion of the tentacular things that sprouted from the base of the scrawny, slowly pulsing neck.

Connant picked up the pressure lamp and returned to his chair. He sat down, staring at the pages of mathematics before him. The clucking of the Geiger counter was strangely less disturbing, the rustle of the coals in the stove no longer distracting.

The creak of the floor boards behind him didn't interrupt his thots as he went about his weekly report in an automatic manner.

The creak of the floor boards sounded nearer.

DEATH OF THE CREATURE

Blair came up from the nightmare-haunted depths of sleep abruptly. Con-



Encased in Ice a Curious Horror.

nant's face floated vaguely above him; for a moment it seemed a continuance of the wild horror of the dream. But Connant's face was angry, and a little frightened. "Blair—wake up! Your precious animal's escaped."

"Escaped—what!" Chief Pilot Van Wall's bull voice shook the walls. Down the communication tunnels other voices yelled suddenly. The dozen inhabitants of Paradise House tumbled in abruptly, Barclay carrying a fire extinguisher.

"What's the devil's matter?" Barclay demanded.

"Your blasted beast got loose. I fell asleep about 20 minutes ago, and when I woke up, the thing was gone."

Copper stared blankly. "It wasn't earthly," he sighed suddenly. "I—I guess earthly laws don't apply."

Connant swore bitterly. "It's a wonder the hellish creature didn't eat me in my sleep."

Blair started back, his pale eyes suddenly fear-struck. "Maybe it di—er—uh—we'll have to find it."

Commander Garry ducked thru the doorway. "So it wasn't dead?"

"I didn't carry it off in my arms, I assure you," Connant snapped. "The last I saw, the split skull was oozing green

goo, like a squashed caterpillar. Doc just said our laws don't work—it's unearthly. Well, it's an unearthly monster, with an unearthly disposition, judging by the face, wandering around with a split skull and brains oozing out." Norris and McReady appeared in the doorway. "Has anybody seen it coming over here?" Norris asked innocently. "About 4 feet tall—3 red eyes—brains oozing out— Hay, has anybody checked to make sure this isn't a cracked idea of humor?"

"It's no humor," Connant shivered. "Lord, I wish it were." He stopped. A wild, weird howl shrieked through the corridors. The men stiffened abruptly, and half turned.

"I think it's been located," Connant finished. His dark eyes shifted with a queer unease. He darted back to his bunk to return almost immediately with a heavy .45 revolver and an ice-ax.

"It blundered down the wrong corridor—and landed among the huskies. Listen—the dogs have broken their chains—"

The half-terrified howl of the dog pack had changed to a wild bunting melee. The voices of the dogs thundered in the narrow corridors, and thru them came a low rippling snarl of distilled hate. A shrill of pain, a dozen snarling yelps.



THE THING as described by John Campbell and visualized by George Barr. A 3-eyed, 4' squat, compact alien of malevolence incarnate, strange skull perched atop scrawny neck, writhing blue worm-forms framing its ferocious face and matting its head where hair should normally be, 4 serpentine tentacles in place of arms. Next issue—can you take it?—the Hollywood version of **THE THING**: actual closeups from the film!

Connant stopped at the bend in the corridor. His breath hissed suddenly thru his throat. "Great God—" The revolver exploded thunderously; three numbing, palpable waves of sound crashed thru the confined corridors. Two more. The revolver dropped to the hard-packed snow of the trail, and Barclay saw the ice-ax shift into defensive position. Connant's powerful body blocked his vision, but beyond something mewing, and, insanely, chuckling.

Connant shifted abruptly, and Barclay could see what lay beyond. For a second he stood frozen, then his breath went out in a gusty curse. The thing launched itself at Connant and the powerful arms of the man swung the ice-ax flat-side first at what might have been a head. It scrunched horribly, and the tattered flesh, ripped by a half-dozen savage huskies, leaped to its feet again. The red eyes blazed with an unearthly hatred, an unearthly, unkillable vitality.

Barclay turned the fire extinguisher on it. The blinding, blistering stream of chemical spray confused it, baffled it, together with the savage attacks of the huskies, not for long afraid of anything that did, or

could live, and held it at bay.

McReady drove down the narrow corridor. One of the giant blow-torches used in warming the plane's engines was in his bronzed hands. It roared as he turned the corner and opened the valve. The mad mewing hissed louder. The dogs scrambled back from the 3-foot lance of blue-hot flame.

"Bar, get a power cable, run it in somehow. And a handle. We can electrocute this—monster, if I don't incinerate it."

Barclay stepped forward. The cable was taped to the long handle of a snow shovel, the two conductors split and held 18" apart by a strap of lumber lashed at right angles across the far end of the handle. Bare copper conductors, charged with 220 volts, glimmered in the light of pressure lamps. The thing mewed and hated and dodged. McReady advanced to Barclay's side. The dogs beyond sensed the plan with the almost telepathic intelligence of trained huskies. Their whining grew shriller, softer, their mincing steps carried them nearer. Abruptly a huge night-black Alaskan leaped onto the trapped thing. It turned squalling, saber-clawed feet slashing.

Barclay leaped forward and jabbed. A

weird, shrill scream rose and choked out. The smell of burned flesh in the corridor intensified; greasy smoke curled up. The echoing pound of the gas-electric dynamo down the corridor became a slogging thud.

The red eyes clouded over in a stiffening, jerking travesty of a face. Armlike, leglike members quivered and jerked. The dogs leaped forward, and Barclay yanked back his shovel-handled weapon. The thing on the snow did not move as gleaming teeth ripped it open.

NEW HORROR

Garry looked about the crowded room. "All right, I guess we're here. Some of you—3 or 4 at most—saw what happened. All of you have seen that thing on the table, and can get a general idea. Anyone hasn't, I'll lift—" His hand strayed to the tarpaulin bulking over the thing on the table. There was an acrid odor of singed flesh seeping out of it.

Garry went on. "Blair wants to get at this thing, and make some more detailed examination. We want to know what happened, and make sure right now that this is permanently, totally dead. Right?"

"I wonder if we ever saw its natural form." Blair looked at the covered mass. "It may have been imitating the beings that built that ship—but I don't think it was. I think that was its true form. Those of us who were up near the head saw the thing in action. When it got loose, apparently, it started looking around. I think it was native to a hotter planet than Earth. It couldn't, in its natural form, stand the temperature. It found the dogs, and somehow got near enough to Charnauk to get him. The others smelled it—heard it—I don't know—anyway they went wild and attacked it before it was finished. The thing we found was part Charnauk, queerly only half dead, part Charnauk half-digested by the jellylike protoplasm of that creature, and the parts the remains of the thing we originally found.

"When the dogs attacked it, it turned into the best fighting thing it could think of. Some other-world beast apparently."

"Turned," snapped Garry. "How?"

"Every living thing is made up of jelly—protoplasm and minute, submicroscopic things called nuclei, only in this creature, the cell nuclei can control its cells at will. Blair lifted a fraction of the tarpaulin. A torn dog's leg, with stiff gray fur protruded. "That, for instance, isn't dog at all; it's imitation. In time, not even a microscope would have shown the difference."

"Suppose," asked Norris bitterly, "it had had lots of time?"

"Then it would have been a dog. The other dogs would have accepted it. We would have accepted it. I don't think anything would have distinguished it, not microscope, nor X-ray, nor any other means. This is a member of a supremely intelligent race, a race that has learned the deepest secrets of biology, and turned them to its use."

"What was it planning to do?" Barclay looked at the humped tarpaulin.

Blair grinned unpleasantly. "Take over the world, I imagine!"

—END OF PART I.

To be concluded next issue.



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THE MARK OF THE VAMPIRE

a tale of terror
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It was vintage Lugosi, Bela looking his best.

The role that made Lugosi's protégée, Carroll Borland, a living legend.

A picture directed by Tod Browning of Lon Chaney fame.

Based on LONDON AFTER MIDNIGHT.

With Lionel Barrymore as Professor Zelen.

Lionel Atwill as Inspector Neumann.

Jean Hersholt as Baron Otto von Zinden.

Elizabeth Allen as Irene Borotyn.

MGM's Macabre Grím Movie of 1935.

Chapter 1

MONSTERS OF MAREKA

Two travelers sat at a table at the only inn of the village of Visoka, in Czechoslovakia.

The busen landlady brought them food.

"You know these parts?" she asked.

Actually the two travelers, were a man and his wife on a walking tour, and it was the husband who answered with a shake of the head.

"You were lucky to get here before the moon rises."

"Why were we lucky?" The wife was puzzled. "We like tramping by moonlight; in fact, we thought of going on



BELA LUGOSI! Carroll Borland! Look at them—the chillers of the Night!



Lionel Barrymore, Lionel Atwill & Jean Hersholt are in trouble if those candles go out. In fact, they're in trouble even if they stay lit!

tonight to Mareka, which the guide-books says is four miles from here."

The landlady looked at them with horror.

"You would be mad to go there tonight. You must stay here—I will arrange your room."

The middle-aged wife stared at her husband when the landlady had bustled off to serve a customer.

"Well, I like her impertinence. We're ordered to stay here, and I'm not so keen to stay in this poky little inn when I can sleep in a comfortable hotel."

"Yes, and it's a grand night for a tramp, Elsa. Cool and easy walking. Think how grand the country will look by the moon." He gave a decisive nod. "I'll call her over and say we're not staying."

The landlady gaped at the man, and so irritated the wife that she repeated the fact that they were starting at once and could they settle the account.

"You're strangers," the landlady cried as if that explained everything. "You don't know about Count Mora and Luna?"

"Never head of them!" declared the husband.

"They haunt the road through the valley—the road that leads to Mareka." The landlady spoke in an awed whisper. "And the time to see them is when the moon is full."

That made the two travelers sit up in amazement. They demanded explanations, and the landlady was about to begin when the sound of galloping horses made the good woman clutch at her heart. Hoof beats rang over the cobbles

outside the inn, and then the screech of brakes. A violent rapping at the door and a voice demanding admittance. The landlady admitted a wizened little man in somber black, and he carried a black bag.

"You are late, doctor," said the good woman.

"A difficult case." The doctor seemed to be shaking. "It was a nice night, but I did not hurry."

"If those horses weren't driven at full gallop I'm crazy," the traveler whispered to his wife. "He looks all shaken up. Hello, Mr. Landlord is bringing him a drink of brandy. My word, that's a large dose, and all in one gulp. What do you make of it, Elsa?"

"The doctor drove furiously and he was scared," said the wife. "What's the woman doing?"

They observed the woman open the front door and fix a bunch of some sort of herb on the door, which she then locked and bolted. At the four windows she did the same thing. When she was done, the traveller called her across and asked why she did this.

"That is Dr. Doskil," the woman told them. "He is our doctor, and a very clever man. He will tell you why all the people in Visoka put wolfbane at windows and doors. It keeps away devils. Dr. Doskil will tell you about it. You invite him to take a drink with you."

Dr. Doskil was charmed, and seated himself by the travelers.

"You think of tramping on to Mareka tonight?" The little doctor shook his head. "I do not think I should do that. I have just come along that road, and

it is very dark because of the pines. It is not a good road to walk at night, and you might lose your way. In some parts there is a precipice which is very steep. People have fallen over." He shuddered. "However much I liked walking I should prefer to stay for the night in the inn."

"We're not frightened of the dark," the woman spoke sharply.

"Nor am I," hastily answered Dr. Doskil. "But this is not a nice road. Never do you see anyone after dark on a moonlight night. You have never heard of Count Mora?"

They shook their heads.

"There is a castle about a mile from here, and it is called Borotyn Castle because the Borotyns have lived there for years. Over three hundred years ago Count Mora and his beautiful daughter Luna lived in that castle. They were—they were—very evil." The doctor's voice dropped to a whisper. "There are books that tell you of the young men lured to the castle by the daughter's amazing beauty and there done to death by the count for their money—and—"

Someone had screeched a chair on the stones, and that had made the doctor start nervously.

"And for their blood," growled the doctor. "They were vampires in more respects than one. At night they had wings and could fly. They kept the bodies of their victims in the dungeons beneath the castle. Some remained alive for weeks and weeks."

"Do you mean to say you believe all this?" the husband asked.

"If anyone dying in Mareka were to send for me tonight I would not go," was the reply. "Because I should never reach there. I am not superstitious, but the road passes by the gates of the castle, and on moonlight nights the vampires watch for victims."

"Does no one live in the castle?"

"Sir Karrell Borotyn and his daughter Irena live there," the doctor admitted a little ruefully. "And there are servants, but they do not venture abroad at night when the moon is full. Sometimes they venture forth of an evening, but may regret it one day. Sir Karrell is a kindly man, but stubborn. He is an Englishman and only recently took up residence here. He quarrelled with his father—but let me start from the beginning."

"A brother of one of the victims of the vampires killed Count Mora, and Luna is said to have been found drowned. That is a mystery, but I think she was drowned by the killer of her father, who was shot. Should you see Count Mora you will see the bloody hole over the right temple. Years later a descendant of the Borotyns acquired the castle, and it has been in their hands ever since. Several of them have died violent deaths, but one cannot say if the vampires caused that or not, but the folk here think so. When the last of the Borotyns dies the people think the vampires will come into their own again—Sir Karrell is the last male of the line, though there is his daughter Irena. Sir Karrell quarrelled with his father, who died some years ago of a mysterious malady—his body was found to be



"Hsst! There are dark deeds to be done!" Luna whispers to Count Mora.

bloodless. Sir Karell, who had not been here since a young man, took up residence with his only daughter.

"Have many people seen the spectres of these vampires?" asked the awed traveler with a shudder.

"Not many who have lived. Many have seen and been seen no more," the doctor answered. "Count Mora looks just like a divel, and they say that Luna is even more terrifying. Part of the castle has not been inhabited for years, and they say that is where the vampires lived. I would not go there after dark for a fortune. At night strange sounds—"

The landlady came running across. Her face was white, and she was shaking with fright and horror.

"A message from the castle, Dr. Doskill," she gasped out. "They want you to go at once. Sir Karell has been found dead."

"Sir Karell dead?" quavered the wizened doctor. "Dead, he may be, but they'll not get me there till the break of dawn!"

Chapter 2

THE MARK OF THE VAMPIRE

Soon after the dawn Dr. Doskill went up to the castle and was shown into the study of the late Sir Karell Borotyn.

The ancient butler asked the doctor to make an examination of the body.

"Baron Otto has taken charge," the butler explained. "He wants your report to be ready by the time the police arrive."

"You mean Sir Karell was murdered?"

"I do not know, but—but—" the butler's voice quavered. "There is something queer about the body."

"Queer?" Little Dr. Doskill shot the butler a covert glance, and what he saw made him move away from that still figure that flopped across the table that was littered with papers.

"I touched his hand," the butler whispered. "I have seen dead men before, but never like that one."

Dr. Doskill adjusted his glasses and approached the body. He placed his hand on Sir Karell's wrist and took his hand away quickly. He pulled up the sleeve and touched the cold flesh. The butler watched him in terror.

Then the doctor moved the head slightly in his examination, and immediately a slight gasp left his lips. He bent closer to look at the dead man's neck. What were those three queer little marks?

A few minutes later two men came into the study. One was a broad-shouldered, high-cheek-boned man with fierce blue eyes and a close-clipped moustache. He was Inspector Neumann of Prague. By his side was a portly, round-faced little man, whose fat cheeks were very white, and large round eyes flickered with worry and concern. This was Baron Otto.

Inspector Neumann glanced at the body, noted the position and picked up some of the papers. The others watched him in silence. A prow round the room

and then back to the side of the dead man.

"You're the doctor," he rapped out at Dr. Doskill. "You've examined the body, so what is your diagnosis?"

"Death caused by heart failure and—"

"And I've been summoned all the way from Prague for a heart-failure case!" the inspector sported. "I understand that a woman—"

"I think I can explain," murmured Baron Otto. "Miss Irena was certain that someone had killed her father, and she insisted upon phoning you, inspector, because she knew how clever you were. There was nothing wrong with Sir Karell's heart as far as we knew."

"And yet you say it was heart failure?" The inspector swung round on the doctor.

"But you did not let me finish," complained the doctor. "I said Sir Karell died of heart failure, but it was loss of blood and shock that caused his heart to cease beating."



"I see no signs of a blow." The inspector frowned. "There is no sign of a struggle and there is no blood."

"The body has been drained of all blood." The doctor's eyes flickered nervously. "Look!" He turned the dead man's head. "See those two marks? Those are the cause of Sir Karell's death."

"Well, why didn't you say so before?" The inspector took out a magnifying glass. "If'm, look like small puncture marks. How could they have caused death? And what do you mean by the body being drained of blood?"

"What I say," Dr. Doskill answered. "You will find hardly any blood in this body because it has been sucked out through those small punctures."

"Are you trying to be funny?" The inspector glared. "Never heard such an impossible theory. Body without any blood! Pahl And who, pray, would have sucked out this blood?"

Dr. Doskill covered his eyes with his hands as if he could not bear to see that still figure. "Those marks on the neck are the marks of a vampire!"

"A what?" the inspector exploded. "Have I come to a house of imbeciles? Are you—a doctor—trying to tell me that a vampire—a blood-sucking one, I presume—killed Sir Karell?"

The doctor nodded.

"Then you believe there are such things as vampires?"

"I do not like to say," the doctor spoke angrily because his word was doubted. "Everyone round Visoka believes in them, and that goes for many miles round this castle. I have never seen a vampire and never wish to, but I do know that those are the sort of marks made by vampires. Books on the supernatural will corroborate this. Also you can call in a hundred doctors and they'll all tell you that this body is bloodless."

"That may be so, but I don't believe any vampires did it," the inspector decided. "And now I'd like to ask a few questions. I'll have you first, doctor. Tell me what you know about this local superstition?"

Chapter 3

THE UNCANNY COUNT & COUNTESS

The inspector's lips twisted to a sneer as he listened to the doctor's tale of Count Mora and Luna.

"Stuff and nonsense!" laughed the inspector, when the tale was told. "Now you're the butler, and—" He broke off to look at the doctor. "How long has Sir Karell been dead?"

"Many hours."

"I see." The inspector glanced at the butler. "You made the discovery?"

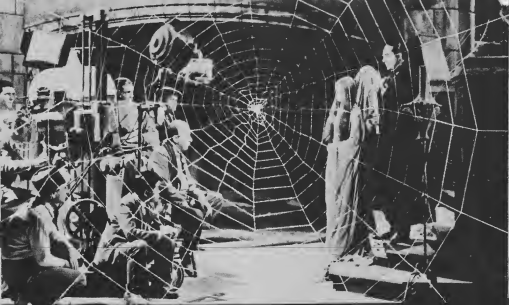
"Yes, sir." The old butler's voice was shaky. "I always go round the rooms last thing at night. He was dead, sir, and quite cold. The time was a few minutes after eleven."

Inspector Neumann asked the butler a lot more questions, but gathered no information. The man had seen and heard nothing to arouse suspicions.

"Baron Otto von Zinden." The inspector studied the portly man. "I believe you are a friend of the family and a neighbor. What can you tell me, baron?"

"I think I must have been the last person to see him alive," replied the baron, with a fearful, horror-stricken glance at the corpse. "Miss Irena, who is very upset by this terrible tragedy, will corroborate this. She is a fine musician and sings beautifully, and last night she kept us entertained for some hours. Becoming tired, she kissed her father and went to bed, and then we retired to Sir Karell's study for a last drink. Henri, the butler, brought the wine and glasses. Sir Karell told me he had papers that required his attention, and so we had our drink and I left him. I found Henri near the door—he had come to see if Sir Karell wanted anything else. Henri has told you how Sir Karell called out that he was not to be disturbed. I retired to my room, and was awakened by Henri going the rounds. He had seen the light under Sir Karell's study door, knocked and obtained no answer. Becoming alarmed he had entered and then rushed up to my room. I broke the news to Irena."

"Sounds like suicide now?"



Rare "production still" made during the filming of **MARK OF THE VAMPIRE**. On left side of picture, man farthest out in front is the great horror director Tow Browning.

"I don't think so," hastily spoke Baron Otto. "He was a very wealthy man. It is all very strange."

"That's for me to decide," the inspector rasped. "And may I ask, baron, why you were staying over here?"

"I have been a frequent visitor for many years," the baron explained. "I am very attached to the family, and this is a great blow to me. I have lost my best friend. I had been over here three days for some shooting and I was to have left today. My own house is about two miles away—the grounds adjoin. I have asked Miss Irena to make her home with me. Sir Karell always said that if anything happened to him he would like me to look after his daughter."

"Did he expect anything to happen to him?"

"No—no," the baron hesitated. "He talked often to me about the vampires Dr. Doskil has mentioned. I do know that Sir Karell believed that such things existed."

"So you think these marks are vampire bites," the inspector shouted angrily. "That vampires killed him?"

"Well, I wouldn't say that." Baron Otto looked extremely uncomfortable and frightened. "Sir Karell used to try and convince me, but I used to laugh at his ideas. He used to bring out books on the subject—you'll find hundreds in the library—and he could not convince me, but now I feel that what he told me might have been true. He covered his face with his hands. "He used to say

that they hated him, and that he always saw them when the moon was high. And even more dreadful than their pictures." Baron Otto pointed to a large picture. "There are Count Mora and his daughter."

Inspector Neumann peered up at the portrait of the satanic person with the piercing eyes, and the daughter, whose long hair hung below her waist and who looked quite mad.

The inspector heard the sound of a car, and went to the window. A young man got out and rushed towards the house.



A bullet in the head can't stop the Undeod!

"Irena! Irena!" he was shouting.

"That's Count Fedor," the old butler hastened to explain. "He's engaged to Miss Irena, and he doesn't know what's happened."

"Oh, doesn't he?" The inspector walked to the door, "I'll soon find out. Perhaps you'll tell me next he's a vampire."

The inspector found a white-faced, beautiful girl telling a fair-haired, broad-shouldered young man about the tragedy. Fedor looked horrified. The inspector rapped out a number of questions about Fedor's activities in the last twenty-four hours, and was convinced that this young man had nothing to do with Sir Karell's death.

The inquest was held the next day, and the inspector heard more about goblins, ghosts and vampires than he had ever heard in his life. Surprising the number of villagers who had seen the vampires or knew those that had. Finally, a hard-boiled coroner of a similar breed to the inspector, rapped on a table and said that he had decided that the verdict of the court was that Sir Karell Borotyn had met his death by causes unknown.

Chapter 4 ANOTHER ATTACK BY THE VAMPIRES

It was almost a year later. In the charming, pleasant dining-room of Baron Otto's house two people sat at



Lucky Elizabeth Allen! Enfolded in the cape of Bela.

breakfast—Irena and her guardian.

"You have been wonderful to me, baron," the girl said gratefully. "But now that a year has almost passed I must forget the past. Fedor has waited patiently, but in another month we shall be man and wife. So kind of you, baron, to let me be married from your house."

"It has been a pleasure to have you here," the baron assured her. "I have got so used to having you here that I do not know what I shall do when you are gone. My child, you are sure that you love Fedor? He is wild and rather reckless, and I have heard—"

"I will hear nothing against him," Irena said. "I know you speak only for my good and as my guardian, but I wish you could like Fedor more I love him."

"You mean so much to me," the baron reached across and fondled her hand. "I do not feel that he is the right man for you. Surely there is someone more suited to you. If only I could—"

"Look! Look!" Irena sprang up from the breakfast table. "It's Fedor!"

Through the open french windows they saw a dishevelled figure swaying drunkenly up the garden path. With a great effort Fedor reached the windows and Irena could see that his eyes were wide and staring. He clutched at the curtains.

It was Irena who guided him to a chair. She kept on calling his name, but he stared at her vacantly and sagged in her arms. She screamed for water, brandy and stimulants. He lay so lifeless in her arms. The baron offered to take him up to his own room, but Irena would have no one tend her lover but herself.

At last Fedor opened his eyes, and there was a light of sanity in them.

"Tell us what happened," begged Irena.

"I don't know very much." His voice was an effort. "How limp I feel. I don't seem to have any strength. Has the wound bled much?"

"You have no wound, Fedor, except a terrible bruise on your forehead."

"Strange, strange, how lifeless I feel." The young man drank eagerly of the brandy "I wonder why I'm like this?"

"But what has happened to you?" asked Baron Otto.

"I hadn't gone far from here when my car broke down." Fedor tried to think. "I must have said goodbye to you and Irena about eleven. I thought I had plenty of petrol, but I hadn't. The car spluttered out about a mile or so from here, and I decided to walk into Visoka—"

"Not past the castle?" cried Irena.

"Why not—who's scared of ghosts?" Fedor spoke with more spirit. "Well, I tripped over something. A wire or some rope on the ground, and then I remember a crack. Honestly, I thought at the time that someone might have struck me, but that was just my head wallowing against a stone. Then everything was a dreadful sort of nightmare." His hands went slowly to his throat. "I must have knocked myself into a sort of coma, because I had a dreadful feeling that I was bleeding to death, and that unless I woke I should perish."

"How dreadful!" Irena stared at him in horror. A nameless dread had gripped her.

"I must have beaten that nightmare." A weak smile appeared on his face. "I opened my eyes, and I thought something was bending over me. A shadow that glided away in the moonlight. It was hours before I got any strength back into my limbs, and then I staggered back here." He clasped his neck again. "Funny how sore my throat feels."

"Let me look?" Irena lifted his chin.

A scream of terror made them look up. One of the maids was staring at Fedor with dread and horror. Irena glanced suddenly at Fedor's neck and gasped as she saw those two small puncture marks. The same marks that had been on the neck of her father.

The mark of a vampire! Irena realized that Fedor might die unless she did something. If he had lost so much blood it might be necessary for him to have a transfusion. In spite of all protests from the baron that there seemed no reason for so much alarm she had the servants carry Fedor to her own car.

"Fedor means everything to me," she told the baron. "Without him life means nothing. He is the only one I can ever love. I must save him."

"Where are you taking him?"

"To the finest physician in Prague, and I shall also go to see Inspector Neumann as well," stated Irena. "The police should know about this."

"Perhaps, my dear," the police are powerless," the baron shook his head. "There are some things that are beyond human control. You will do no good by telling that aggressive, bullying inspector."

But for all that, Irena went to see Inspector Neumann, who listened to her story with much attention.

"If anything else happens you must warn me—don't hesitate," he told her. "You have done well to speak to me about this attack, and I think your lover owes his life to you. He was almost drained of his blood."

So Irena went back to the home of Baron Otto, who questioned her about Fedor's health.

"I am so glad the poor boy is better," he murmured with a gentle smile. "You think he will recover?"

"Without him I do not want to live!" was Irena's intense answer.

The next morning a big car drove up to the baron's house, and two men alighted. One was Inspector Neumann and the other a queer old boy, rather bent and with long, untidy gray hair. He wore glasses that constantly slipped off his thin nose, but the eyes were very shrewd.

They inquired for the baron, and were told the baron was out somewhere on the estate. Miss Irena had not appeared for breakfast.

"She had a very tiring and trying day yesterday," murmured the old butler. "Baron Otto thought it best that she remains undisturbed."

"Tell her we are here," snapped Inspector Neumann sharply.

The butler returned with an anxious face. He could get no answer.

"No answer?" cried the old boy with the glasses. "Take us to her room at once."

The butler hesitated. "Do as Professor Zelen requests," barked the inspector. "And hurry!"

They had to smash in the door. On the bed lay Irena Borotyn. She was white and apparently lifeless. The window was wide open, and there was a queer, musty smell about the room. And on her neck were two small puncture marks.

The vampire had attacked her.

"She is alive!" the professor cried fiercely. "We must act quickly if we are to save her!"

END

MYSTERY PHOTO

NUMBER
38



TOUGHEST ONE YET?

First of all, put out of your mind that it came from a horror film. Horrible, perhaps; horror, no.

The title (scrambled, of course) was **NEAR BILL**.

No, this wasn't Bill.

This was a character described as "a man mountain, the terror of the hills, the scourge of Sku—" Oops! Almost gave it away!

Skull Island?

Wrong.

The actor is Charles Post.

We've done the least to enlighten you—now you'll have to do the most!

One more clue: Charles played a character in the picture whose initials were E.M.

Eerie Macabre?

ANSWER TO MYSTERY PHOTO NO. 37



SHE'S the daughter of **BORIS KARLOFF**.

Sara Karloff Cotten, who called the Frankenstein Monster "Fother".

Mother of Karloff's grandchildren, David & Michael. Their pictures will appear in future issues.)

Here seen with her beloved Dod on the set of **THE RAVEN** (AIP '63).

Earliest in with correct identifications for previous Mystery Photo #36 (a dummy of Lugosi in **DRACULA'S DAUGHTER**) were **STEVEN DUSABLON**, **ANTHONY & JOHN GENTILE**, **STEVEN ROMERO**, **STEVE MASSA**, **MISS ALEX SEIBERT**, **DOUGLAS ELDER**, **KENNY BANK**, **THOS. LARGE**, **DAVE HORNE**, **WENCESLAS TORRES & EMIL SUDA JR.**

the clown at midnite

#4 in Our Serious Series on Imaginative Movies



ROBERT (Pagli-Ouchy) BLOCH

HORROR IS MY BUSINESS.

The insurance agent peddles protection & security—I sell terror & dread. The doctor guards your heart; I devote my professional skill to inducing failure in same. Some people live by their wits; I live by scaring you out of yours.

For the past 27 years I've been a professional writer of horror fiction for magazines, books, radio and TV shows. And when I'm not creating nightmares of my own, I spend my spare time investigating the nightmares of other people—namely the so-called "horror" movies being foisted off on the public via TV and theater screens.

It used to be, back in the bad old depression days when apples were sold on street corners and cars had rumble seats, that the horror film was practically an art-form as well as being almost as hot at the box-office as *Bank Night*. The terror tale was filmed with more Tender Loving Care than Pres. Kennedy gets at Walter Reed Hospital, and imaginative producers never forgot for a moment that the viewer had an imagination of his own.

Unfortunately, for better or for worse,

the folklore of the land is changing. Just as Halloween, with its ghosts & goblins, has been transformed into a sub-teen Thanksgiving with Tricks-or-Treats replacing the turkey, so has the horror movie suffered a sea-change into something strictly for laffs, with genuine grue & imagination being replaced by a vat of ketchup and a false face that wouldn't frighten a timid two-year-old.

The shudder salesmen have sold out and the average horror flick nowadays evokes more gaiety than goose-pimples.



Conrad Veidt, star of *THE CABINET OF DR. CALIGARI*, in his great role (1928) as *THE MAN WHO LAUGHS*, from the novel by Victor Hugo.



Carol Borland portrayed the undead companion of Bela Lugosi in *MARK OF THE VAMPIRE*, the 1953 MGM production based on a collaboration by Guy Endore and directed by Tod Browning. Browning directed *DRACULA* and Endore wrote "The Werewolf of Paris", basis of the recent *CURSE OF THE WEREWOLF*. Carol Borland was said to have been picked from 78 pounds of fotos submitted by "vampire women" competing for the role, because of her mysterious non-reflective eyes which lent themselves to a phosphorescent effect in the dark.

Jean Morais in Jean Cocteau's *LA BELLE ET LA BÊTE* (*BEAUTY AND THE BEAST*, 1947).



But it hoots no good to shed melancholy tears over the fright films of our youth that populated our dark and lonely bedrooms with images of Frankenstein's Monster and the Mummy gibbering just beyond the counterpane. It's more instructive, perhaps, to look into the reasons why the morbid has been changed into the unintentionally mirthful.

Much as we dislike to consider it, one answer keeps cropping up: Hollywood no longer knows what horror is.

What's More Horrifying Than the Headlines

We could get philosophical at this point and wonder if it's really that simple or if it's just that people can't be horrified anymore. A casual glance at any paper will prove that the monsters currently roaming a city's streets after dark are far more horrible, in one sense, than anything Hollywood has yet dreamed up. And it was not too long ago that human beings were eliminated by the carload lots in the gas chambers of Belsen & Dachau—certainly the pinnacle of horror as far as human history goes. In addition, everybody reading this is probably painfully aware (tho none of us like to think about it) that all somebody has to do is push the wrong button and half of humanity will go up in smoke & radioactive ashes.

But all of this—while certainly horrible to contemplate—is not true *horror* as such. Horror is something peculiar to the individual.

Horror is—

—a small child's (and quite frequently an adult's!) fear of the dark . . . and most particularly the phantoms of the imagination that populate the dark.

—the fear of a human being who doesn't act, think or look like a human being.

—the fear of deformity

—insanity

—and even (far more pathetically) the fear of a cerebral palsy victim. (There, but for the grace of God . . .)

It's the fear of spiders & snakes and the pale horrors you find under rocks in the woods.

The fear of the Unknown

. . . the unexpected

. . . the not-quite-seen.



"When I saw Lon Chaney as THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA, I gazed upon the face of naked fear."
—Robert Bloch

The Height of Horror

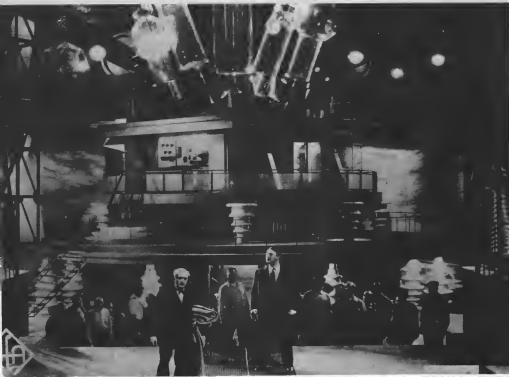
When I was an 8-year-old I saw Lon Chaney in *THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA*—and gazed upon the face of naked fear. A couple of years ago I attended a revival of the same film. And despite the flickering flaws of this dated melodrama, the scene where Chaney is unmasked exerted the same monstrous magic upon a modern audience.

Since the 1925 version of *THE PHANTOM*, Hollywood has arrayed itself in nose-putty & fright-wig hundreds of times. And yet only a score of genuinely shivery efforts have actually emerged from the studios (and practically none since World War II).

During the '30s the movie moguls outdid themselves and gave us *DRACULA*, a

FRANKENSTEIN, a *MUMMY* and a *WOLF MAN*, and even a few fairly respectable sequels. And then some pillow-head decided that since it was such a thin line between horror & hilarity, why not erase the line altogether? The integrity of the horror film was quickly corrupted and the honest seeker after shudders was lured into a back alley inhabited by Abbott & Costello and the Bowery Boys. Just about the time *Frankenstein* was due to meet Pa & Ma Kettle, some giddy genius discovered liquid latex and the "monster film" was born. (Frankenstein's Monster, we'll admit, may have been the first of these but the horror depended on far more than just a fright face with high forehead, dank hair, scars, and two collar studs projecting from the neck).

The most manstrous electrical device ever created for the screen, seen at the climax of the German scientific film *GOLD* (1934) and later (1953) incorporated in the atomic thriller of implanion, *THE MAGNETIC MONSTER*.





It must have been a pit something like this, only with a web and a giant spider in it, that the unfortunate men fell into when KING KONG shook them off the tree trunk. Your editor has the vaguest memory of many years ago corresponding with someone in, or talking to someone from, the Philippine Islands, who said they had seen the censored spider-pit scene there. So far as is known it has never been shown in the USA.

The Bad Bugs from Empty Space

Things began emerging from Outer Space—or the equally empty regions between a producer's ears. The screens of the nation were invaded by a horde of Giant Cockroaches & Giant Bedbugs (all of which warmed the hearts of the pest-exterminators at the same time they cooled the ardor of the true horror fan).

That these not-so-Grand Guignol efforts make money is undeniable. Vast audiences still watch the tired old travesties on television and turn out for each new double feature. But if producers believe these films show a profit because this is what the public really wants, let's face it—audiences lap up their pictures only because nothing better is available.

Meaning of Fear Forgotten

While today's films prove that Hollywood has progressed in the use of camera tricks, animation, miniature photography and make-up, they also prove a total ignorance of what inspires the release of fear. One of the best examples is a produced-in-Japan flick (an American outfit later picked it up and dubbed in some English dialog and narrator in the person of Raymond Burr, currently popular as TV's Perry Mason) called GODZILLA. The *piece de resistance* of the film is a 10-story monster that cheerfully tears apart the city of Tokyo, evoking all kinds of admiration for the experts who built the miniature sets but no true feeling of horror on the part of the audience. (As von Clausewitz is reputed to



Lionel Atwill in his masterpiece: *THE MYSTERY OF THE WAX MUSEUM* (Warner Bros., 1933, color).

have said, "One death is a tragedy; a million are statistics."

On the other hand, an excellent example of true horror in a film is the sight of one dwarfed, armless and legless torso crawling thru the mud in an old movie called **FREAKS**. This scene was enough to raise the hackles of the most sophisticated audience.

Of course, film producers are not entirely to blame—they have been influenced by the censors who have curiously limited the size of the canvas upon which the horror film producers can paint. The censors who were not happy with the "morbidty" of



Henry Hull (1935) as the original, classic werewolf.

FREAKS were singularly undisturbed when walls of fire toppled upon helpless thousands in **WAR OF THE WORLDS**. One lone ripper-murderer tempts the censorial blue-pencil far more than a **BEAST FROM 20,000 FATHOMS** whose poisonous presence perils an entire city. A **BEAST** is entirely moral in his relationships with women and is content to merely trample them to death.

The Horrors of Censorship

Let's look at a few of the better examples of horror films and see what the censors have done—or undone.

After 30 years of repetition & burlesque, it is hardly probable that an audience can



Boris Karloff, unjustly electrocuted, lives again in **THE WALKING DEAD** (1936).

Lon Chaney in 1923 as Quosimodo.





The standard and the censored version of **FRANKENSTEIN**. The rare scene below shows the Monster throwing the little girl in the water in the mistaken notion that she, like the doisies, will float.



view the original FRANKENSTEIN and recapture its initial impact. It's even less likely if they catch bits and pieces of it sandwiched in between dandruff & deodorant commercials on a 21" tube. But in its day FRANKENSTEIN qualified as a true tale of terror. Its theme, "The Monster is loose!", is still the basis of most so-called "science fiction" movies today. The first few scenes of the shambling monstrosity walking backwards or stumbling around the castle convey a genuine sense of the unearthly.

There are, or were originally, two versions of FRANKENSTEIN. In the one generally shown and currently revived on TV, the Monster befriends a little girl on a river bank and watches her toss flowers



One of the "monimols" created on **THE ISLAND OF LOST SOULS** by Dr. Mareau in the Paramount production of 1932 from story by HG Wells, script by Philip Wylie.

THE MASK OF FU MANCHU (1932) with Boris Karloff as the insidious Sax Rohmer character.



Behind the gouze, the invisible head of Claude Rains in the James Whale-directed production of HG Wells' **THE INVISIBLE MAN** in 1933.

into the water, petal by petal. There is an abrupt cutaway from the scene and when next we see the girl she is dead, being carried into town by her stunned father.

The Unseen Frankenstein

In the banned version, the flower-tossing episode is continued and the Monster, not out of cruelty but merely thru confusion, picks up the child and tosses her into the water. He is too ignorant to understand; if the pretty petals looked even prettier



The unique expressionistic backgrounds dominated the original **CABINET OF DR. CALIGARI**—what will they look like in the version that the author of this article has collaborated on?

Antonio Moreno captures "The Cat" in the Spanish version of **THE CAT CREEPS** (1930), based on **THE CAT AND THE CANARY**, filmed 3 years earlier.





Paul Wegener as THE GOLEM, the living statue of clay, probably from the 1920 version (the first was made in 1914).



One of the weird men of the half-world of SIEGFRIED, the Fritz Lang classic of 1923 that absolutely enthralled your editor some years before he turned a teenager.

when they floated, why not a pretty girl?

The censors thought otherwise, apparently. They would rather cut the scene and leave the far more ghastly inference. The true horror is thus discarded in favor of a sordid situation immediately identifiable by the newspaper-reading public.

They done Our Kong Wrong . . .

In KING KONG, another genuine all-out horror fantasy, there is a scene where the giant ape, loose in New York, holds the squirming body of a man between his huge teeth. The censors left this alone but they removed a scene where the same ape picks away at the heroine's garments out of mere curiosity.

They also eliminated the scene where Kong, searching for the heroine, plucks a girl from her hotel room and then, realizing he has made a mistake, drops her to the street below. Gruesome? Yes, but it is, after all, a horror movie. (In this case, of course,

Active tableau in WHITE ZOMBIE, the 1932 production which Bela Lugosi once told your editor he couldn't bear to watch on television because it always reminded him that he had played the role for \$800—and it had made millions for the producers.





Leslie Banks as the mad hunter of humans in **THE MOST DANGEROUS GAME**, 1932, based on short story by Richard Connell.



The late Ernest Thesiger in his menacing role in **THE OLD DARK HOUSE**, soon to be remade by Wm. Castle.



Boris Korloff tries out his **INVISIBLE RAY** in 1936. During the picture he killed Lugosi.



Edward Von Sloan assists Boris Korloff in 1940 experiment in **BEFORE I HANG**.



Rotwang the scientist, creator of the robotrix, in a scene from the immortal METROPOLIS.

the horror lies in the utter casualness with which Kong drops her). And I can't quite comprehend why a censor would scissor this out and retain the graphic close-up of a man screaming between the clenched teeth of a 60' gorilla.

The same film contained a sequence where members of the exploring party are eaten by a sea-monster and dashed to death in a chasm. The chasm scene conclusion, where some of them are devoured by giant spiders, was excised. (It would seem that the capricious censors are also dieticians; sea-monsters can eat men but spiders cannot).

To Be Concluded Next Issue—wherein you will read what Mr. Bloch has to say about Boris Karloff & Lon Chaney Jr., Bela Lugosi & Peter Lorre, DR. JEKYLL & MR. HYDE, THE CAT PEOPLE, DEAD OF NIGHT, DIABOLIQUE, THE THING, THE UNINVITED and the weird episode in THREE CASES OF MURDER. **END**

If you think FM invented corny captions, how about this one which accompanied this foto from DANTE'S INFERNO when it was first published in 1953? Quote: Things ore in a devil of a fix on this set!





The fantastic Storm Demon in *THE SWORD AND THE DRAGON* (1960).



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ASK GREG



GREG BAZAZ

1. Where can I send away for the record "An Evening With Boris Karloff and His Friends?"

Steve Hemming

ANS.: You can get it from:
CAPTAIN COMPANY,

46

Box 5987, Grand Central Station, New York 10017. The price is only \$4.25 plus 35c for postage and handling.

2. How old was the great Bela Lugosi when he died?

Edward Boyd

ANS.: Lugosi was 73 years old when he passed away 13 years ago.

3. When did the GRAVEYARD EXAMINER first appear in FAMOUS MONSTERS?

Donald Greene

ANS.: The GRAVEYARD EXAMINER first started in issue #13 of FM, and including this issue we'll have a grand total of 16 times GE has appeared in FM.

AMATEUR FAN MONSTROSITIES

We'd like to say this to all editors interested in having their fanzines plugged in the GRAVEYARD EXAMINER: Before we are able to mention a fanzine we MUST have a copy of it. Send them to: AMATEUR FAN MONSTROSITIES, c/o The Graveyard Examiner, Box 5987 Grand Central Station, New York 10017.

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Or

Cagney to Bogart: "I heard your assistant Eddie was quite a cut-up but I'm cut-up over what you guys have made of me!"

Bogie: "I call him Little Scissor."

Or

Famous First Words: Frank "Cag" Stein to Bogie: "Excuse me, but your assistant looks like one of the Swiss Family Robinsons. Is that Brand X he's carrying?"

CONTEST! Can YOU write a funnier caption than the Editor? Five Funniest Captions will be published in a future GRAVEYARD EXAMINER and each winner will receive a year's Free Subscription (remember—now TWELVE great issues!) of FAMOUS MONSTERS. Send as many entries as you like — one per postcard — to: FAMOUS FIRST WORDS CONTEST, FAMOUS MONSTERS, 22 E. 42 St., New York City, N.Y. 10017. No employees may enter and decisions of judges are final.



Artist James Walsh's rendition of that GRAVEYARD EXAMINER. Editor Greg Bazaz. Ain't he a devil!

IM-

HO-

TOP-

TEN

Calling all monster fans!! Don't forget to mail a postcard to the GRAVEYARD EXAMINER, listing your favorite fright film. In a future issue we'll report on the 10 monster movies receiving the most votes—so be sure to let us know what your personal favorite is.

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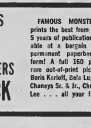
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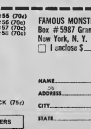
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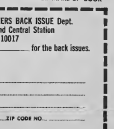
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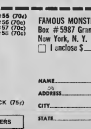
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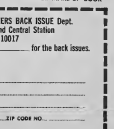
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THE CREATURE FROM THE UNIVERSAL LAGOON menaces again for Blacky fans **GENE PEIFFER, DENNIS ANDERSON, CARMEN FINAMORE, ALVIN APPLEBEE, RICHARD HOLCOMB, WM. KELLER & VINCENT RICHARDS.**



Comic Buddy Hackett swings into the dragon's mouth, in **THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF THE BROTHERS GRIMM**, for **MICHAEL SELVERNE & PAUL FORD**.



Frankenstein fans wanted to see The Monster on the table. And here he is, for JILL ELDRIDGE, M. D. GARYNARGI, LARRY SAVAGE & FRIENDS, JOHN SHAVICK, CHRIS D. MICKLE, GREG WAND & JEROME SMETANA.

Followers of mighty Tor Johnson will be delighted to see this scene from PLAN 9 FROM OUTER SPACE. These fans include AL RITTMEYER, TERRY WALSH, RON EDWARDS, MIKE BOONE & ERIC JAMBORSKY.



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